

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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DAME HISTORY'S PRIZE.

Dame History, a-teaching the nations in her
school
The A, B, C, of government—oh! long and
hard the rule!—
Tapped sharply with her pencil. "Attention,
class," she cries;
"Here comes the clay for modelling; now
who will win the prize?
Let each of you, as best you may, a hero
make and bring,
A leader and a statesman, a conqueror and
king!"
Then all the little nations went eagerly to
work,
Not one would fret or dawdle, not one was
found to shirk;
And, when the hour was ended, each hopeful
nation brought
The product of her artistry, the Hero she
had wrought.
Then Egypt came with Rameses, calm, stern,
and merciful;
Judah with warrior David, the poet beau-
tiful;
And Persia brought Darius, the pattern of
a king;
And three lovely Grecian sisters their work
together bring;
Athens had noble Pericles, few greater men
may see;

And Sparta brought Leonidas, slain at
Thermopylæ;
And the youngest, Alexander, whom men
have named the Great;
Then Carthage came with Hannibal, trusted
and loved too late;
Imperial Rome brought Cæsar, the mightiest
man of men,—
The Nations paused and wondered a little
space, and then
Up came the hurrying moderns, statues in
either hand,
For Spain bore Isabella, and, with her,
Ferdinand;
And France her best-loved Henry, and
great Napoleon;
And Germany her Frederick, and Bismarck,
Empire-son;
And Sweden with her conquering Charles;
and Scotland with the Bruce;
And England came with armfuls, as doubtful
whom to choose;
Queen Bess was there, and Cromwell, Nelson,
and Wellington,
And many a warlike monarch, and many
a mighty son.

The Dame looked on exulting, with eyes
of loving pride.
"Well done, my little Nations! Well done!"
again she cried.
"Oh! wonderful and noble the statues you
have wrought;
But now to give the prize, indeed, is harder
than I thought;
For not a hero in the list, though strangely
great and fine,
But has some grievous blemish, some fault
we all divine.
Oh! is there not a man of all these rulers
great and true,
Quite sound and good and selfless, and noble
through and through?"
Then timidly and shyly came the youngest
from her seat;
"She's nothing but a baby; of course she
can't compete";
And yet she brought her statues—the Dame
looked on amazed;
She looked, she gazed, she started; her
eyes with triumph blazed;
"Columbia, my darling, the prize you
well have won,
Two rulers great without a flaw, Lincoln and
Washington!"

—Samantha Whipple Shoup.

THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God; and such we are."—1 JOHN iii. 1.

This statement was a wholly new statement to the world. Practically, the world does not believe it now. The Christian world, so called, does not really believe it. But the announcement of it then by a few Galilean fishermen, and by the fanatic tent-maker who called himself Paul, changed the world. And now, whenever the world chooses to take it to heart, to accept it with all the heart and mind and soul and strength, why, the world will be made over again. Indeed, it is the hearty acceptance of this reality and such divine life as it involves which is necessary for the fulfilment of any vision which brings in Paradise upon earth, or "the kingdom of heaven."

It was precisely the new illumination in which the disciples saw this infinite truth which began the propagation of Christianity. Before Pentecost the hundred and twenty people were Jews,—limited as Jews were limited. Their horizon was the horizon of that little land. On that happy first day of the week—a day dear to them already because it had taught them the great lesson of eternal life—they learned their second lesson, great as the first. That was the lesson of hope: this is the lesson of faith, the lesson of this text, that we are God's if we will, and he is ours. He will inspire us if we will let him, and we can go about his business. They went about this business, and they did not fail.

The miracle of Pentecost was this: these people went out about their new business, and they found they had, in very fact, infinite power. They went to say to all the strangers in Jerusalem—people who came from every clime, and, in fact, belonged to each of the three great races of mankind—that they were all brothers and sisters. Why were they all brothers and sisters? Why, but because they were all children of one God and all in one life. They could all receive the Infinite Spirit which makes the universe and which carries on the universe. And at this moment, at least, whether they ever felt it again, these men felt the power of that spirit,—felt, that is, the infinite largeness of their own nature so completely that they spoke to these Parthians and Elamites as having authority, as indeed they had. How different this from anything that Parthians and Elamites had ever heard before! Nay, how different from anything that these very men had ever spoken before! Imagine

the scene in one of the narrow streets of Jerusalem that day. Imagine Gamaliel or Nicodemus, or anybody else of the aristocratic upper class of Jerusalem, coming down and running against a camel-driver from the desert. Well for the camel-driver if the gentleman did not shake his stick at him or swear at him. Or, if the gentleman were in a proselyting mood, imagine the grand condescension with which he would address the Arab,—how he would talk to him about the difference of blood between Ishmael and Israel, and how he would let him understand how graceful a thing it was that he spoke to him at all, invited him to come into the temple to see its ceremonial, or gave him any sort of welcome. This camel-driver goes on from such a stately interview as that to meet one of these newly awakened Christian men, who sees, as with a flash from heaven, the reality of man's brotherhood, because man shares the very nature of God himself. He speaks to the camel-driver as God might speak, with infinite love, without any tone of condescension, and speaks in the perfect certainty of moving him. That is what we call eloquence, that is what we call command. "He finds he can because he thinks he can." At the end of such a day you do not wonder when you find that thousands of people are crowding into this or that hall of Christian assembly, that there are thousands of people who want to carry farther and farther the tokens of infinite life which they have received from men who spoke in this fashion. And yet the whole miracle is that the men who spoke in such fashion were holy where they were unholy, that they were spirited where they had no spirit. It is the Holy Spirit which acts in them to-day, while it was some lesson of custom or tradition which ruled them yesterday.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE ANSWER.

Spare me, dread Angel of reproof,
And let the sunshine weave to-day
Its gold threads in the warp and woof
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile; the flesh is weak.

These lingering feet, that fain would stray
Among the flowers, shall some day seek

The straight and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,

The awe of thy rebuking frown;

The dullest slave at times must sigh

To fling his burdens down;

To drop his galley's straining oar,
And press, in summer warmth and calm,
The lap of some enchanted shore
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
My heart its taste of long desire;
This day be mine; be those to come
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
Smiting my selfish prayers away:
"To-morrow is with God alone,
And man has but to-day.

"Say not, thy fond, vain heart within,
The Father's arms shall still be wide,
When from these pleasant ways of sin
Thou turn'st at eventide.

"No word of doom may shut thee out,
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
No swords of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl.

"A tenderer light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound forever on,
And thou be deaf and dim.

"Forever round the mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

"What if thine eyes refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll,—
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul!

"To doubt the love that fain would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb;
And dream that God can thee forsake
As thou forsakest him!"

—John G. Whittier.

Let this and every dawn of morning be
to you as the beginning of life, and let
every setting sun be to you as its close.
Let every one of these short lives leave its
sure record of some kindly thing done for
others,—some goodly strength or knowledge
gained for yourselves.—*Ruskin.*

Oh, do not let us wait to be just or pitiful
or demonstrative toward those we love
until they or we are struck down by illness
or threatened with death! Life is short,
and we have never too much time for glad-
dening the hearts of those who are travel-
ling the dark journey with us. Oh, be
swift to love, make haste to be kind!—*Amiel's*
Journal.

Every good principle is more strengthened
by its exercise, and every good affection is
more strengthened by its indulgence, than
before. Acts of virtue ripen into habits;
and the goodly and permanent result is the
formation or establishment of a virtuous
character.—*Chalmers.*

The will of God is the light by which we
ought to be guided. Nothing grievous can
ever happen to us so long as we follow it.
When we walk without light in the night of
our evil will, we cannot avoid either stum-
bling or going astray. Let thy will, O
Lord, be always the lamp which may en-
lighten my steps, and the light which may
direct me in thy ways.—*Quesnel.*

It is difficulties which give birth to mir-
acles. It is not every calamity that is a
curse, and early adversity is often a bless-
ing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would
never have mounted a throne, had not her
cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted
obstacles not only teach, but hearten us
in our future struggles; for virtue must be
learned, though, unfortunately, some of the
vices come, as it were, by inspiration. The
austerities of our northern climate are
thought to be the cause of our abundant
comforts.—*Sharpe.*

The whole scheme of our voluntary ac-
tions, all that we do from morning to night
of every day, is beyond doubt intrusted to
our control. . . . And from our inmost con-
sciousness we do know that, if we will, we
can make ourselves execute whatever we
approve, and strangle in its birth whatever
we abhor. To-morrow morning, if you
choose to take up a spirit of such power, you
may rise, like a soul without a past, dis-
engaged from the manifold coil of willing
usage. The coming hours are open yet,
pure and spotless receptacles for whatever
you may deposit there. There they lie in
non-existence still, ready to be organized

by a creative spirit of beauty or made foul with deformity and waste. Let us start up and live; here come the moments that cannot be had again; some few may yet be filled with imperishable good.—*Martineau.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

For Young People.

"Heart of Oak Book, Fables and Nursery Tales," "Finger-Plays," "Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls," "Stories from Livy," "Nursery Tales," Walton-Holmes's "Arithmetics," "First Book of American History," "The Railway Children," "Winning his 'Y,'" "Hans Gellert and Other Stories," "Æsop's Fables," "Misunderstood," "Seven Little Sisters," "Ten Boys."

Miscellaneous.

"Bits of Talk"; "Bits of Travel," H. H.; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," Whittier; "Hiawatha," Longfellow; "The Caxtons," Bulwer; "Mortal Antipathy," O. W. Holmes; "The Melon Farm"; "Heather and Snow," George MacDonald; "Picciola"; "Sights and Insights," A. D. T. Whitney; "White Aprons," M. W. Goodwin; "The Wind of Destiny," Hardy; "Lewis Rand," Johnston; "Poems," Jean Ingelow.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been a long while since I have received a book for which I have asked. I would be glad of the *Youth's Companion* and *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1912. Will some one write me? Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina.

2. Mrs. F. C. Carter, McEwen, Tennessee, asks for a "Dictionary of Musical Terms."

3. I would like *Ladies' Home Journal* or some such paper as that. Also some good magazines. I will send as my reference Rev. John Holbert, Buffalo, Kansas. Address Mrs. Georgiana Medearis, Buffalo, Wilson County, Kansas.

4. Mrs. Mary L. Dame, Toronto, Kansas, R. D. 1, asks for reading for her family, consisting of husband and four children, fourteen, twelve, eight, and five. They live ten miles from a village, and find the winter season lonely.

5. It has been quite a while since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter* asking for reading matter. I thank those who have been remembering me in the past. I should be very glad to get some of the following books: "Cruel as the Grave," by Mrs. Southworth; "In a New World"; "Thelma," Victoria Luck, Bumpass, Virginia, Route 1, Box 93.

6. Mr. W. J. Haine, Akron, Ohio, Box 234, will be glad to pay postage on the following books: "Songs of the Free," "Poems of the Old Days and the New," Mrs. Sigourney's "Poems."

7. Mrs. Kate D. Stafford, Tennessee Colony, Texas, one of our earliest members, now in failing health, asks for reading for her fourteen-year-old boy, especially *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*, or *American Boy's Magazine*, and any of S. Weir Mitchell's books, or books of that type for herself.

8. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bunker, Clinton, Maine, R. F. D. 43, send heartiest thanks to those who have sent magazines, and want us to know how much they appreciate them as they get out but little. Mrs. Bunker would like *Woman's Home Companion* and "Mistress of Shenstone."

9. I am an invalid girl, fourteen years old. I have been afflicted with bone rheumatism for three years, and can do no work, but can read. My parents are poor, and have ten children, three girls and seven boys, and are not able to educate us. I shall be so thankful for some good reading, books and papers, or anything the good friends will send me or my little brothers and sisters. I do get so tired shut up all day, with nothing to amuse me. My mamma will be so

glad to get good reading, too. My reference is Rev. J. W. Clegg, Norwood, Carolina. Martha J. Sweranger, Albemarle, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 43.

10. I have been informed that I could possibly get books and periodicals from your Club, for a library which we are trying to get up here for a Mission School and Sunday-school. This is a mining town and composed mostly of very ignorant and illiterate people, and I don't know of any field where mission work could result in more good. This is practically a new town of about two thousand inhabitants, and the company owning it has been very liberal in its efforts to help the people. It has built a nice hall, well arranged for a mission and Sunday-school, and equipped it with all the essentials necessary for comfort, and I do not know of any place or section where books and other reading matter could be used to better advantage. There are any number of mining towns where there are no churches or church influence, and where boys and girls are growing up that never know what church, Sunday-school, or Christian influence is. We have a splendid minister here, sent by a mission school from Turner, and he is doing a good work without compensation, except what a few that are in the clerical position give him. J. S. Dawson, Ward, Kanawha County, West Virginia.

11. It has been a long time since I have received any reading matter through the Book Club. I should like the "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe"; *Hampton's* or *Twentieth Century Magazine* or any of the new books written on social conditions or the *Christian Socialist*. I always pass on any reading. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, 172 Main St., Haverhill, Mass.

12. "Mistakes in Teaching," by Hughs, and "Teacher and the School," by Colgrove, are asked for by Miss Mattie E. Sale, Ronda, Cal.

13. Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, Route 3, Minnesota, is lonely in her new home and will appreciate reading.

14. I should indeed be glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Woman's Home Companion* for 1912, or those of 1911 would be appreciated. Also a copy of the Standard Dictionary. I am very anxious for a copy of this book. Mrs. B. J. Martin, Gideon, North Carolina.

15. Mrs. W. H. Johnson, Retta, Arkansas, will be glad to receive *Argosy*, *Literary Digest*, or *Review of Reviews*.

16. Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina, will be glad of current numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal*.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Avie Turner, from Palestine, Texas, to Athens, Texas, Route 2.

Mrs. W. F. Galloway, from Roanoke Rapids to Swepsonville, North Carolina.

The Book Club Secretary would remind those who are receiving reading that it would be gratifying to those sending it to have an acknowledgment. Also to call attention to this rule printed on the last page of the *Cheerful Letter*, "No one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles except books and magazines." As this is not an almsgiving society, we would ask our members to please heed the rule.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

POLITENESS A BUSINESS ASSET.

Politeness is a business asset at the command of every girl who must earn her own living.

She may not be as expert with the typewriter, the sewing-machine, or the drafting tools as her fellow-worker, but she can always hold her own when it comes to courtesy. She may not be able to wear as smart tailored suits and blouses as the girl at the next desk, but she can be just as polite or more so. She may lack the strong personality which is such a factor in scoring business success, but, if she will cultivate politeness, the much coveted personality will develop.

When a business man takes account of stock or desires to learn just where he stands, he does not set down the fact that he has the handsomest-looking shop in town, with the most glittering plate-glass windows and show-cases, and then feel that he is safe. No, he figures on the stock behind the plate glass, its salability, its seasonableness, etc., and on the standard of salesmanship displayed by every employee to whom he intrusts the handling of his stock. After considering all these factors he is able to decide just how much business he ought to do in the next month or three months or six.

Now by politeness I do not mean self-depreciation, flattery, cringing, or fawning

before those in authority, nor yet acting as the tool of chief or employer. I mean the simplest of all rules for living, whether you work or play, whether you support yourself or are shielded from adversity by a loving father or husband, and that is the old, old rule of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you. All the etiquette books ever written, rolled, crammed, and jammed into one volume could not give you a simpler or saner rule of conduct than the plain words taken from the Book of books.

A LESSON IN IMPOLITENESS.

Considering politeness as a business asset, pure and simple, let us take some concrete examples.

Two young men, who had formed a partnership which did not turn out just as well as they had hoped, decided that they must dispense with the service of their stenographer and type-writer. The girl had given entire satisfaction, times were dull all over town, and they knew that she had considerable responsibility to meet. The junior partner knew personally a young woman who managed a public type-writing office. He asked her to give the girl the first opening.

She happened to be near the man's office one morning and dropped in with the deliberate intention of looking over the young girl recommended for her staff. Things had gone just a little wrong that morning in the office, and the girl, though she knew nothing of the impending dismissal, felt at odds with the whole world. The appearance of a caller to interrupt the writing of a letter impressed her as added cause for irritation. She glanced up from her type-writer, a frown on her face, interrogation in her position. But she said neither "Good-morning" nor "What can I do for you?" She simply stared at the caller, who finally inquired,—

"Is Mr. Blank in?"

"No," was the unnecessarily concise reply of the stenographer.

"What time do you expect him back?"

"He didn't say," replied the stenographer, deliberately returning to the contemplation of her notes.

THE GIRL LOST HER CHANCE.

For a few seconds the caller hesitated. The girl never raised her glance from her note-book. Then the head of the public type-writing office went out. With her went every chance of that girl's securing

the opening which she would need in two brief weeks.

"She did not ask me to sit down," was the caller's comment when she again met the junior partner. "She did not ask whether she could take any message for you, whether she could do anything for me in your stead. Doubtless she was feeling unusually irritable about something. Probably she can be quite pleasant when she is so inclined. But how do I know the mood in which she will receive my customers in my absence? If she was as rude to your customers as she was to me, she was one factor of your business failure. I can't afford to have a rude girl in my office."

And every employer feels just that way!—
Anna S. Richardson, in The Woman's Home Companion.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WASPS.

II.

The hive bees took a long step in advance of the bumble-bees when they created a lasting colony, one which stored up provisions and survived the winter, ready to fly forth at the first sign of spring, to continue the work of the hive, instead of having each year to start it from the foundation.

The story of the bees is the story of the wasps. One class has stopped at the less intelligent stage of solitary existence, where the female digs a hole in the ground or otherwise constructs a nest, provisions it, and lays her egg.

Another class has taken the important step of living in colonies, its colony in one respect resembling that of the bumble-bee rather than the highly organized community of the hive bee. For the colony disappears at the close of the summer, only the perfect females surviving to begin the circle again next season.

The social wasps build combs of hexagonal cells, like those of the bees. But, instead of secreting wax for it, they manufacture paper of wood fibre; and, instead of standing the comb on its edge, most of them suspend it mouth down.

How came bee and wasp to build a similar comb of such different materials? And why does the wasp hang its comb mouth down where the bee stands it on edge?

Did all comb-makers originally hang their cells mouth down? And did the idea of

storing honey cause the bee to change the position to prevent the honey from running out?

To this day the queen-bee cells hang mouth down, and they are the only cells in the hive that never contain honey!

Did the bee and the wasp get the idea of cell-making from some common comb-building ancestor who had not yet differentiated into a true bee or a true wasp,—an ancestor wavering between paper and wax, some of whose descendants chose one and some the other, an ancestor wavering between pollen and insect food?

Or did the comb-building habit arise after bees were bees and wasps wasps,—a like necessity resulting in a like construction?

One would like to turn back the pages of time for a glance at the primitive history of these remarkable creatures; but the book is closed and locked, only the page of to-day being available to those who can read it.

From this page we learn that bees and wasps differ but very slightly from each other.

Indeed a novice might find it hard to decide between certain insects, as to whether they were bees or wasps, were it not that bees, being pollen-gatherers, have provided themselves with implements for pollen gathering: they are peculiarly hairy, while wasps, to whom collecting hairs would be a waste of protoplasm, have not clothed themselves with a pollen-collecting coat.

They have no hair-baskets on their legs and no brushes on legs or body for collecting pollen.

They are longer and more slender than bees, as a rule, and generally they wear a livery unlike that of the bees. Some of them have tongues for honey-gathering, vying in length with the serviceable organ of the bee, and some of them, in tropical countries, build combs that are not suspended mouth down, but are built in concentric spheres, the position of most of the cells being more like that of the honey-comb than like the ordinary wasp-comb. Some of them store food in their cells, and with some this food is the true honey.

Bees are probably the latest evolution in the insect world.

The order Hymenoptera, on the whole the most advanced of all orders, is a late development according to the geological records, and in this order the wasps precede the bees in time, the marvellous honey-makers being the last and the highest product of hymenopteran evolution.

The wasps, in consequence of slight differences in their structure, have been arti-

ficially separated into two families, the true wasps and the digger wasps.

The true wasps can readily be distinguished by their wings, which are folded fan-like down the middle.

The digger-wasps are all solitary, while some of the true wasps are solitary, and the rest, belonging to the family Vespidae, are social.

The Vespidae live in communities and build a common habitation. There are three genera of them in the United States, one belonging to California, and the other two, *Vespa* and *Polistes*, to the country in general.

To the genus *Vespa* belong the hornets and yellow-jackets. These build nests of paper, enclosed by thick paper walls. The hornets of this country generally suspend theirs from a tree-branch or the roof of a building, while many of the yellow-jackets prefer a hole in the ground, though some species build, like the hornets, in the open air.

Polistes builds also a paper nest, but she does not enclose her combs by outer walls, as does *Vespa*.

There are a great many species of solitary wasps in the United States, and they are very difficult to classify. They do not build nests of paper, but bore holes in the earth or in wood, or make nests in hollow stems or build them of mud against the walls of buildings or under stones or on bushes.

Wasps possess a more versatile, if lower, intelligence than bees. Bees have become crystallized, as it were; their habits are formed; they have arrived at perfection along their line, and therefore are in a condition of suspended development.

Not so wasps,—they have not arrived, they are arriving. So, while bees stand highest structurally and socially, their communities organized and in working order from wax-secreting to honey-making, wasps are yet blazing a way through the unknown wilderness of wasp possibilities. They yet have their problems to solve and are yet to a far greater extent than bees dependent upon their wits to see them safely through their little span of life.

Although the solitary wasps are so numerous in species, the social wasps are those best known to literature.

Like the bees, their strength lies in numbers.

They make elaborate and wonderfully ingenious habitations for themselves, and rear their progeny under the influence of the home. They can thus accomplish results impossible to creatures of solitary habits.

The social wasps have always been objects of interest, because objects of fear, to man.

One wasp may be ignored, not so a thousand wasps.

They command attention, and even prompt and energetic action, when circumstances bring men in contact with them.

I. Vespina, or True Wasps.

Solitary { Masaridæ.
 { Eumenidæ.

Social-Vespidae { Vespa.
 { Polistes.
 { Polybia (California).

II. Sphecina, Fossores, or Digger-wasps, all solitary (many genera).

Margaret W. Morley, "*Wasps and their Ways*."

NOBLE LIVES.

I.

(Continued from last number.)

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

In this church, at Dr. Howe's funeral, last Thursday, was Laura Bridgman, mourning him who had come to her, when she, poor child, was shut into that dismal prison of fourfold darkness, to bring her into the light of knowledge. There she sat, with wisdom at five entrances quite shut out,—eyes, ears, taste, smell, speech, all paralyzed. What courage it required to attack such a problem! What faith, what hope, what confidence in the powers of the soul ready to co-operate with his efforts! what patience, what ingenuity, what untiring industry! Tell me, wise man of this world! learned doctor of social science! what was the use of it all? Would it not have been better to expend the same time and toil on some healthy soul in a healthy body, giving a grand education to a perfectly-developed genius? Leave out the principle of Christianity, which makes one brotherhood of us all, and it was a great mistake to squander this high art on such poor material. But no! It was an immortal soul, sitting in that shadow of death, and, when he lifted her up and showed to her a little of the wonder and beauty of God's world, and gave her language, and brought her into communion with her race, he had done enough to make his life noble.

Dickens, in his "American Notes," quotes largely from Howe's account of this case, and says:—

"Well may this gentleman call that a delightful moment, in which some distant promise of her present state gleamed upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, un-failing happiness; nor will it shine less

brightly on the evening of his days of noble usefulness.

"Ye who have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, ye who are the hypocrites of sad countenances, learn healthy cheerfulness and mild contentment from the deaf and dumb and blind. Self-elected saints with gloomy brows, this sightless, earless, voiceless child may teach you lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts, for there may be something in its healing akin to that of the great Master."

I have received the following account of the last visit made by Dr. Howe a few weeks since to the pupils of the School for the Feeble-minded. The teacher of the female department thus writes:—

"At his last visit to the school, on Sunday afternoon, about four weeks ago, the doctor seemed more genial and interested than I had seen him before. As he entered the school-room, his face was radiant with smiles. The girls were singing a Sunday-school song, and had commenced the chorus, 'Hallelujah, thine be the glory, Revive us again!' Surprised at his sudden appearance, I was about to rise and welcome him, but he motioned me to continue playing, and he joined his voice with those of the children, beating time with his uplifted hand until the close of the strain. Then, turning to the children, he spoke these words in a pleasant but pathetic voice: 'I am glad to see you all looking so well and happy. I hope you will be good children. Learn all you can.' Then, raising his right hand, and waving it towards them and over them, he said, 'Good-bye, God bless you, good-bye.' These were his last words to the school."

The teacher adds:—

"The scene was strangely significant and touching. The intense earnestness of his manner, the moment of entrance, as the children were singing the appeal, 'Revive us again,' his joining in the singing, his final benediction, all seemed prophetic, and we felt that this was the last visit to the school."

The teacher of the boys says:—

"He came in so quietly that I was not aware of his presence till he stood among us. Then, after his usual kind word to myself came that tone of voice and expression of eye we have all learned to know so well, with which he said, 'Are you good children?' I told him we all missed him very much, and his lips quivered as he said softly, as if to himself, 'Poor children, it is little I can do for you.' Then, going suddenly amongst them, he patted the heads and cheeks of the little ones, and stretched out his hand over them as

a benediction, feebly uttering the words, 'Be good children, be good.' This was our last remembrance of Dr. Howe. The children were silent, but in that deep hush there came an awe, as though they had looked upon the face of the dead. We realized that this was his final farewell. It was very sad and solemn, but very sweet. There can be no monument raised to his memory more lasting than will be his remembrance in the hearts of these children."

It was a great instance of courage, of chivalric courage, to go from Massachusetts in his youth to join in the terrible fight for Greece against the Turkish barbarians, where the mountains looked on Marathon, and Marathon looked on the sea. Surrounded by memories of old heroic days, amid classic scenes, under the shadow of Parnassus, amid the hum of Hyblean bees, this young medical student from Boston threw his arm and life into the arena. It was noble to carry help to the starving Poles in their desperate struggle against the gigantic power of Russia. The same spirit led him in after days to go again, to carry help to the Isle of Crete, and to take part in the attempt to lift the people of San Domingo to better fortunes. But was the courage less, or was it greater, which devoted itself to the rescue of the soul of Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell, which plunged into the darkness of the mind of the poor idiots to seek to give them light, and which led the blind by a way they knew not into intelligence and a happy future? To me it seems that his last work was far greater than his first, and that the chivalry of his youth was crowned by the diviner and more gallant endeavors and successes of his manhood and age.

So active, energetic, industrious was this man, that he made a part in all the best activities of his time. He was intimately associated with La Fayette and Lamartine in European republicanism, with Florence Nightingale in the care for the sick, with Charles Sumner in the reform of prisons, with Horace Mann in education, with John Andrew in the war, with Dr. Cabot in helping Kansas, with Henry Wilson in organizing the free soil party, with John Brown in hostility to slavery, with Dr. Bellows in the Sanitary Commission, with Owen and McKaye in labor for the freedmen. And, when he was seventy years old, he went to San Domingo as a commissioner, to examine the condition of that island, and the expediency of annexing the republic to the United States. There, for three months, he endured fatigues which would have exhausted younger men, and nothing could exceed the energy and

judgment shown by him in his extensive tours to obtain information.

The lesson of this life is for us all. It may not be given to us to fight for Greece or Poland or France; to help Crete or San Domingo; to originate and carry on the education of the blind, or that of the idiots, or to be the inspiration of a sleeping soul, waking it to life and light. But the spirit in which he lived we all can have. We also can do with our might whatever we find to do. We can find our Greece close by—wherever any man or woman or child or lower animal is oppressed by superior force. Near to each of us are those who need our aid, as Laura Bridgman needed his, and whom we can help by opening the blind eyes, and leading the captive soul out of its prison house. We may not have that lion mood, that iron will, that fearless blood, that intense eye, that unmeasured power; but we also may be brethren and sisters of this fellowship of the brave and true, if we do in our way what he did in his.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

FIRE DOG LEADS RESCUE.

CLIMBS LADDER TO THIRD STORY IN NEW YORK, GUIDES FIREMEN THROUGH SMOKE TO WINDOW.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1911.—"Happy," a Dalmatian dog which follows the fire department's apparatus to every fire, saved three firemen from death in a burning furniture warehouse in Harlem last night by his sagacity. He climbed a ladder three stories to effect their rescue. The three firemen, one of them "Happy's" master, had been caught at the rear of the third floor in the back draught and forced to flee. The smoke was so dense they lost their way to the window to which their ladder had been run up.

While standing near a hose cart, "Happy" heard his master's cry for help, jumped to the ladder and began climbing it. Thousands of spectators watched the animal as he mounted rung after rung, and several firemen, who guessed from his actions that something must be wrong, began climbing after him. "Happy" reached the third floor window first, and, poking his nose inside, began barking. The nearly suffocated firemen heard their pet, and, guided by his barks, made their way to the window. "Happy's" master tenderly picked the dog up and carried him down to the street. Then he tied him to the hose cart, saying he would take no more chances of having him hurt by climbing ladders.—*The Boston Transcript.*

SORRY FOR THE HORSES.

When the president heard of the Confederate raid at Fairfax, in which a brigadier-general and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed:—

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President?" exclaimed the secretary of war, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it is not easy to replace the 110 horses."

BIRDS OF GERMANY.

The birds of Germany, like the crows of Ireland, are the pets of the people, both in the city and the country. They are protected by law, but no law is needed for their protection. They are so tame that many of them build their nests inside of the houses, and are never disturbed by old or young. Throw down a few crumbs, and they will come down from the trees and almost eat out of your hand. The consequence is that fruit-growers never suffer from the invasion of worms, and the plum and damson, which have almost disappeared from our markets, grow here to the greatest perfection. *The holidays are not distinguished, as they are with us, by a throng of boys and men with shot-guns pouring into the country and slaying, out of mere wantonness, the feathery tribes, which are regarded here as the most efficient collaborators to the agriculturist.—From "Europe," by C. C. Fulton, Editor of Baltimore American.*

A PLEASANT SIGHT.

To-day I saw a pleasant sight. A loaded express team was passing through Cabot Street (Boston), where the ground is torn up for repairs, when it became imbedded in the sand and gravel. The driver, *though he kindly patted his horse*, could not pull through the sand. *About twenty boys gathered near, and at once sprang to the wheels to push, some scraping the stones from the wheels.* But the team did not move. A man passing *offered advice, but the boys gave their strength, added to that of another man who happened along, and soon the horse moved his load.*

My heart went out to those boys. I thanked them for the horse and myself.

May your "*Bands of Mercy*" multiply until the whole human family shall be united in love to all creatures.

C. B.

AUGUST 18.

OUR TREES IN WINTER.

In protecting themselves against the cold of winter, all trees have not followed blindly the same rule. They have not imitated a leader in fashionable winter clothing, but each species for itself has quietly gone to work to select the best method at hand to provide itself against the cold, and has increased or decreased such protection as circumstances required.—*John Robinson, in Bulletin of the Essex Institute.*

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—*John Ruskin.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

SHAKESPEAREAN TANGLE.

1. * - - - - -
2. - * - - - -
3. - - * - - -
4. - - - * - - - -
5. - - - - * - - -
6. * - - - - -
7. - * - - - -
8. - - * - - - -
9. - - - * - - -
10. - - - - * - - -

The star path downward spells the surname of an American poet who was born in February.

1. Ophelia's brother in "Hamlet."
2. Wife of Brutus in "Julius Cæsar."
3. King of Scotland in "Macbeth."
4. Widow of King Henry VI. in "Richard III."
5. Usher to Queen Katharine, in "King Henry VIII."
6. A constable, in "Measure for Measure."
7. A countess in "Twelfth Night."
8. A savage slave in "The Tempest."
9. The mer-

chant of Venice, in "The Merchant of Venice." 10. Servant to Wolsey, in "King Henry VIII."

—*American Boy.*

II.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In war, but not in peace.
In art, but not in design.
In street, but not in lane.
In hut, but not in cabin.
In high, but not in low.
In near, but not in far.
In gate, but not in bar.
In ton, but not in pound.
In house, but not in barn.
In night, but not in day.
My whole is a famous American.

III.

AMERICAN STATES.

Not old and cow.
A point of the compass and a girl's name.
What comes from the mine and departed.
What is done on Monday and fashion.
A married lady and a light drink.
An exclamation, not low, and an exclamation.
A girl's name and earth.
Sick and a loud sound.

—*The Beacon.*

IV.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous men.
5, 4, 23, 1, 18, 4 5, 22, 5, 18, 5, 20, 20, a senator from Massachusetts.
6, 18, 5, 4, 5, 18, 9, 3 20 7, 18, 5, 5, 14, 8, 1, 12, 7, 5, a governor of Massachusetts.
8, 15, 18, 1, 3, 5 7, 18, 1, 25, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.
10, 15, 8, 14 1, 4, 1, 13, 19, a President of the United States.
14, 5, 12, 19, 15, 14 1 13, 9, 12, 5, 19, an American general.

V.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In bawl, but not in coin.
In coal, but not in chute.
In Ursuline, but not in vain.
In theorem, but not in Savoy.
In wabble, but not in vulture.
In eulogy, but not in flag.
In learn, but not in pack.
In Latin, but not in race.
My whole are the names of two governors of Massachusetts.

Answers to puzzles in the January number.

I. BORDER ACROSTIC.

1. COWPEN
2. RELICS
3. EOLIAN
4. LEVITE
5. YELLOW
6. TOMATO
7. HECTOR
8. TONSIL
9. UNLIKE
10. ONEIDA
11. MARION
12. STROPS

II. ZIGZAD.—WARD

DINT
IDLE
WAIF
BARD
TENT
DRAW
ITEM
BOGY
REAR
WREN
UNIT
FORD
LEAD
HALT
TEAL

III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Patrick Henry. 2. Henry D. Thoreau. 3. John Greenleaf Whittier. 4. Washington Irving. 5. Henry Clay.

IV. SOBRIQUETS.—1. Attila the Hun. 2. Napoleon II., King of Rome. 3. Homer. 4. Agamemnon. 5. Horatius.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, U. S., in addressing the young men of Boston on "Sunday Cycling," said: "When a club of high-minded, moral, and intellectual young men mount their bicycles on Sunday morning, by public appointment, and ride to Newport, they say, far more distinctly than any words could say, that, so far as they are concerned, they mean that the next generation shall have no Sunday. Courts are not to be closed, stores shut up, sheriffs kept back from executing writs, in order that young gentlemen may ride all day on bicycles. The institution of Sunday, if it is to be maintained at all, will be maintained for the nobler purposes of the higher life."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGINING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, January 5, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.